

Good Morning

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Two Girls, a Rope a Pick-axe, £100 and a wilderness became Prospect Farm

By Staff Reporter
CATHRYN ROSE
and Pictures by
'FUSE' WILSON
on Back Page

AMID fifty acres of scrub-covered, derelict land at Purley, on the southern extremity of London, there are five acres, carefully cleared and fenced off, where the young corn is growing, and where the busy sound of goats and poultry contrasts sharply with the wastes of the surrounding hillside.

This piece of land-reclaiming has been done in a spectacular fashion by two girls, armed with a pick-axe and a rope; possessing the ability to tie a clove-hitch; and—unending courage.

At the beginning of the war, Miss Nina Pound and Miss Hjordis Longden, both skilled farm-workers, decided to volunteer for the Women's Land Army. But, far from improving their chances of being accepted, their experience barred them from the Service because it is open only to those without experience.

Determined to continue with the work they knew and liked, these two girls decided that, as they were classed as skilled workers, there was nothing to prevent their taking a farm of their own, if the capital were available.

They started to plan. Ideas were formed. Many were rejected; a few adopted.

They managed to raise £100 between them, and with this they hoped to buy a piece of ground and gradually cultivate it.

This was much easier said than done, as property was almost unobtainable, but after a great deal of disappointment, when things were really looking hopeless, they had an offer of fifty acres. But what land! Rising on either side of a narrow lane, it lay—fifty acres of thicket-covered, debris-strewn,

uneven waste ground which the Surrey War Agricultural Committee had given up as useless for cultivation.

Miss Pound and Miss Longden looked at each other, thought a while, and plunged.

They could not buy it as it was likely to be requisitioned for building purposes, so they rented it on a yearly tenancy basis at 15 shillings per acre. This was subject to the condition that no building should be erected. If this clause was disregarded, the agreement would have been terminated by the owners.

Miss Pound and Miss Longden had their land. They set to work on the job of making it into a farm.

Their assets consisted of £100 capital and three horses, brought by Miss Pound to the farm, when she gave up her share in a riding school in which she had had an interest previously.

Out of their money, they bought three goats, a number of ducks and geese, and some gardening tools. In addition,



Mutual admiration—Miss Pound and Miss Longden and the geese on Prospect Farm, Purley.

they eventually succeeded in getting water laid on.

They examined the accounts. Forty pounds remained intact.

It was a grim prospect, but gradually, with much back-breaking labour, when only a keen sense of humour and hard courage prevented their giving the whole project up, the scrub was cut down and dug out; the rubbish carted away.

All available help was enlisted. A passing Scout group helped pull up stubborn roots, a plough was borrowed from another farm in return for help in the dairy.

The local children (who flock delightedly to this most unorthodox farm) helped eagerly in any way they could. They carried straw, held stakes while they were driven into the ground, erected a scarecrow at the end of the cornfield, and even deputised in harness for Gay Lad (one of the horses) when he was not available.

Foot by foot, and yard by yard, the brown soil encroached upon the tangled wilderness—and five acres were cleared.

People living nearby began to take an interest in the two un-uniformed, un-superintended girls, who could be seen early and late, working gamely with lengths of wire, a pick-axe, rope, and other simple implements. They stopped and chatted; offered advice. And when the girls put logs on sale outside the tiny wooden shack they had erected, they found a ready market.

A poultry house was presented to them, so they added to the ducks and geese they already had. Help with the harvest at another farm caused this farmer to reciprocate by sowing three acres of their reclaimed land with corn.

At Christmastime the fattened poultry was easily disposed of. (Quite a reputation was gained in the district for the excellent table birds they reared.) A considerable income was derived also from the sale of eggs, both for eating and breeding purposes.

The results of these sales retrieved a substantial amount of the original expenditure.

Added to this, there is a 60 per cent. rebate, paid annually for land reclaiming.

Things were brightening for the prospectors of Prospect Farm.

In the spring, Miss Pound and Miss Longden paused, and

surveyed the results of their toil. There were the horses, and the goats; the ducks and geese splashing in an ordinary bath; Blotto, the dachshund, keeping things in order—and, stretching away to their left, was the young corn, covering the brown earth.

They looked—and began to feel that it had been worth while.

All farms need a working routine, and Prospect Farm is no exception, even though domestic duties at their home nearby take up a considerable amount of valuable time.

At dawn they cycle to the farm and let out the poultry. Then they return home until lunch-time. Afterwards, the farm keeps them occupied until 6 p.m., when they go home for a meal. Back again from eight until dark. On the last journey home for the day, they discuss their difficulties and indulge their dreams for the future.

They want to start a riding school eventually, but until then—it's farming—and more farming.

There are still problems—many of them—but that patch of cultivation is heartening.

These two plucky girls are bent on reclaiming the whole of those fifty acres.

REFLECTION

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Accompanied by his wife, Lt. Ernest Page leaves the Palace after receiving the M.B.E. for service with midget submarines.

SHOP TALK By Derek Heberton

LIEUTENANT John Steadman, R.N.R., who was first Lieutenant of "Tally Ho," sent me a modern version of the days of knight errantry. Here it is, just as it was written.

TRINCO TALES.

Once upon a gin-time there was a handsome and charming knight called Sir Ginger, who lived all by himself in a funny looking ship called Wuchang, and every now and again he used to lower his gangway and cross over a deep and dangerous piece of water in order to pay homage to his Lord and Master, Baron Tinsides.

Now Lord Tinsides, unlike most Barons was a kind man, and despite Sir Ginger's manifest unsuitability for the post had him appointed as his Steward.

The work entailed was fairly arduous, but Sir Ginger, being an astute and cunning fellow, managed to collect around him numerous vassals and serfs who for a few handfuls of rice a day, were prepared to do all his work for him.

This suited Sir Ginger immensely, as it enabled him to spend a large amount of his time at a neighbouring castle called the Wrennery, where lived his lady love, Princess Powderpuff.

Now all was peace and quietness and Sir Ginger and his lovely powderpuff were having a whale of a time when lo, there suddenly arrived in the port a lesser knight called Sir Steady.

Now this knight was of a strange class known in those days as a "Sea Going Type," and much to Sir Ginger's perturbation, Sir Steady was included in Lord Tinsides' retinue.

Now Sir Steady was much addicted to the drinking of a strange liquid drink known as "alcohol" which, I have been told, makes men, while under its soothing and hypnotic effect to do the most startling things. And it so happened that the King of Trinco heard of the strange antics of Sir Steady whilst passing through his domain and sent for Lord Tinsides and ordered him to have this unseemly behaviour outside the Royal Palace stopped. Whereupon Lord Tinsides sent for his Steward, Sir Ginger, and said, "It's all yours Chum, see it doesn't happen again."

NOW this made Sir Ginger most sorrowful as he himself had been tempted on occasions to partake of this "Magic Water," and he knew full well the delicious and potent effect it had on one.

Nevertheless, he sent for Sir Steady, and after all the bottles had been drunk served out some of his own. This, as he expected, had no effect, and Sir Steady proceeded to live his dark and nefarious life exactly as before.

Now this unquestionably



Awarded the D.S.O. for work on midget submarines, Lt. George Honour, R.N.V.R., seen here after the investiture with his wife, Naomi, and his father and mother.

worried Sir Ginger, and frequent pilgrimages to Lord Tinsides became necessary in order to assure him that all was well in his court.

But at length, a great day came and Sir Steady received orders from the All Highest to proceed to a Far Distant Land where he could no longer disturb the peace and quietness of Sir Ginger, and before leaving, Sir Steady gave an enormous farewell banquet to which for some unaccountable reason Sir Ginger was bidden to attend.

And he accepted with great pleasure and as a farewell gift presented Sir Steady with two bottles of "Magic Water," and

a kick in the pants, and so the two knights parted the best of friends and Sir Ginger married Princess Powderpuff as his tenth wife and everybody lived happily ever afterwards.

MRS. J. G. Hopkins, wife of Lt.-Cmdr. Hopkins, gave me the address of Lieut. Rowe, and asked me to call should I ever get around to Belfast.

I called at Ardmore Park, and met Mrs. Rowe and her mother. It's said that the Irish can cook. This Anglo-Irish combination (Mrs. Rowe was educated in London) marked a new high in home-made cakes.

Mrs. Rowe told me she had lunched that day with the wife of one of your fellow officers. The lady travelled from Derry; wives, as you might know, are more inveterate talkers of shop than serving men, and from my report I gather this pow-wow was no exception.

The meat of the two-power talk was that everything was well at each home and letters from other homes of your colleagues brought glad tidings in every instance.

In short, everything in ship-shape.

When I met Mrs. Hopkins in Fleet Street she confessed disappointment at not being able to attend the conference, but can cook. This Anglo-Irish combination (Mrs. Rowe was educated in London) marked a new high in home-made cakes.

But Do You Really Like Good Music?

Asks Richard Kent

HAVE you noticed how your musical taste alters as you grow older?

A census was taken a short time ago of a music-loving public, and the results of this investigation make interesting reading.

A large percentage said that up to the age of eighteen they were crazy about dance-music. "But then," they usually said, "the dance bands of a few years ago were better than they are to-day, for the most part, while the dance-tunes, too, were of a higher standard than those heard to-day."

This is not strictly true. Most of the music-lovers over twenty years of age will make a similar claim for their era in dance-band history.

Most young folk, in their teens, have developed a love of dance-music. This can be appreciated, for there is something about a "live" modern number played by a good band. What is more, tunes get associated in the memory of young people with some happy incident, and with the passing of years the sentiment grows deeper.

Once over the age of twenty, many young folk, although not all, take a turn from dance music. Especially noticeable has this been during the war years.

The B.B.C., for example, are noting how the public for hot or swing music is not so great as a year or so ago. Sweet and sentimental music is more popular, while such bands as the Royal Marines, with their assorted programmes, played by first-class musicians, have gained for themselves a great new following.

In war the tastes of the public always change. Last time it was switched to rag-time; during the present conflict "popular" numbers have developed from items that few would have thought had a mass appeal.

The "Warsaw Concerto" is a case in point. The terrific success of this great work, especially among youngsters who but a short time ago thought of nothing else but jazz, is one of the outcomes of the war.

Normally, once over the age of twenty, people begin to wonder if dance music is so much better than "serious music," although, incidentally, their conception of what constitutes "serious music" is more often than not most amusing. To-day, probably because of war conditions, a large number are taking an interest in more serious musical works at an earlier age.

Quite a deal of credit for this turn can be given to the various local authorities who organised special "Holidays at Home" concerts and featured orchestras playing light music. The B.B.C. "Music While You Work" programmes have also played a big part in educating the public so far as music is concerned.

These orchestras play selections from all types of musical scores, and put their numbers over so well that Mary Smith, for instance, who might never have heard of "The Flight Of The Bumble Bee," is made to appreciate what a good piece of descriptive musical writing this is.

On this problem of a change in musical tastes, just take yourself as an example—and see if you do not measure up to what constitutes the ordinary young man!

Up to the age of eighteen or twenty you were dance-band

mad. Bought all the records you could secure of your favourite band and numbers.

Over the age of twenty you still liked dance music—but it did not have such a "hold" on you. On the other hand, you found "light music" more enjoyable; melody, in your view, was more important than swing.

Over thirty years of age, you would listen to a dance band and enjoy it, but would you go out of your way to buy a recording? Unless, of course, it was a "super-hit." On the other hand, you might "go" for a Bing Crosby record of a traditional song. Opera, too, might well attract you more than ever before.

As we grow older our musical tastes definitely change. Just as our parents never tired of telling us that the real singers and bands were produced in their young days, so do we, as the years pass, like to look back and tell ourselves the same thing. As we put years on our ages music soothes and rests. As youngsters, full of vim and zip, dance bands gave us the encouragement to "let off steam." When we want to rest, as we grow older, we look to melody and lighter music.

Take a look at your musical self. Examine your likes and dislikes, and you will discover that they have changed considerably since you first took an interest in music.

Why the Earth Rocks

THE Brains Trust consists of a Geologist, an Astronomer, a Physicist, and a Seismologist, and they discuss the question:

What causes volcanic eruptions? Is the interior of the earth full of molten rock or lava, and how thick is its crust?

Geologist: "Volcanic eruptions are caused by an outburst of molten rock from just beneath the earth's crust, or sometimes from pockets of molten rock within the crust. But the interior of the earth is not full of molten rock or lava. The earth is really a great ball of iron, and the crust of rocks on its surface is only about thirty miles thick."

Astronomer: "Well, that answers all the points in the question, but I think the general description of the earth as a ball of iron might be amplified a little. That it is a ball of iron explains in part why the earth has magnetic poles, and the crust of rocks consists of the impurities which floated to the surface when the iron was all molten."

"At the present time the temperature of the interior of the earth is far above the melting point of iron, and even above that of rocks, yet it remains in effect a solid ball owing to the enormous pressure of the overlying layers."

"It is when this pressure is relieved through a crack or gap appearing in the crust that the rocks in the region below the crack relapse into the liquid state and flow out at the surface."

Geologist: "In other words, a volcanic eruption only occurs when something has happened in the crust to relieve the local pressure. This is nearly always an explosion due to the percolation of water downwards from the surface."

"When water reaches the regions where the normal temperature is far above white heat, it explodes into steam and blows out a vent. The eruption ensues, and continues till it has choked the vent again with its own cooled lava."

Physicist: "The state of the earth at great depths below



Richard Addinsell wrote the Warsaw Concerto.

ALEX CRACK

"You know that friend of mine who is deaf and dumb? Well, isn't it tough on him? He's had an accident, and now can't talk properly."

"But he never could talk properly, so how can he be any the worse off?"

"Well, you see, he has now lost two of his fingers."

Hubble-Bubbles, Gourds and Cutties

GOING the rounds is a yarn about a man who was so hoarse he could hardly speak. "What's the matter?" someone asked him. "Cigarettes," croaked he. "Ah, smoking too many fags?" queried the friend in a superior tone. "No," rasped the wheezy one, "asking for them."

Well, what about a pipe? A few more are being imported again from the only places where the right wood grows. That, for the most part, is Algeria, and the wood is briar, a kind of rose. Like walking sticks, the best pipes come from the choicest parts of the tree, and as many as 20 to 30 cheaper pipes can be made for every one of the best quality.

Some connoisseurs will not look at any but a pipe bred in the Pyrenees, whence come most of the really top-notchers.

All sorts of men who never smoked a pipe before are doing so to-day. Tobacco-nists say the demand from the Services has been phenomenal.

There have been times when supplies of pipe tobacco, too, have run low. If they ever recur, remember there was once a fellow—this is no fairy tale—who, in a competition, plugged his pipe with $\frac{1}{2}$ of an

ounce of tobacco and smoked it for 2 hours and 12 minutes.

On the other hand, the laurels for "indulgence bold" in the pipe smoking line must certainly go to a Dutch seaman named Bergen, whose large and voracious bowl consumed for over sixty years the Dutch equivalent of a pound of tobacco weekly.

This old "Dutch chimney" dissipated in smoke nearly 30 cwt. of tobacco—about 24 times his own weight.

Then there's a bushman's tobacco. It resembles English watercress; gathered by the handful and dried in the sun for a couple of days, it smokes with all the flavour of choice brands. Some varieties of sunflower leaves, certain wild lettuces and coltsfoot leaves also make passable substitutes, even smoked alone, but preferably mixed with a proprietary.

The inhaling cigarette smoker absorbs into his system nearly 9.00 per cent. of the nicotine in tobacco, but, due chiefly to the different method of preparing the weed for pipe smoking, tobacco's nicotine content to the average pipe-smoker is little more than .5 to .8 per cent.

A recent American invention claims to produce cigarettes that exhale smoke with

a colour range to suit smokers' clothes, whims or surroundings.

The most meditative form of smoking comes from the East, where, seated cross-legged, the Turk or the Persian sucks thoughts and dreams from his hookah or hubble-bubble.

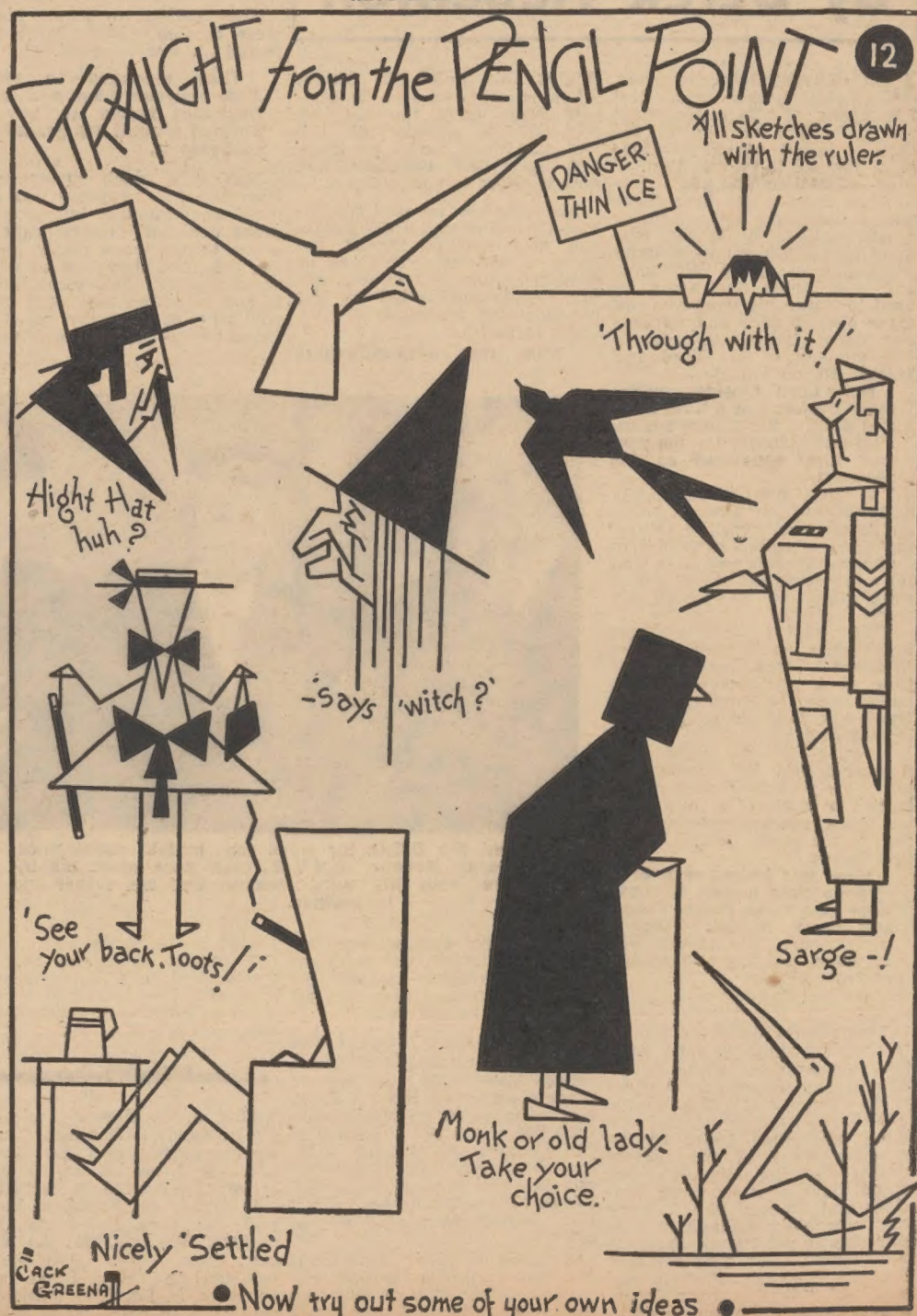
The early Virginians had little money, and tobacco seems then to have been the recognised medium of exchange. A gallon of sherry cost 30lb. of the weed, and you received 80lb. of tobacco for a gallon of English spirit.

What a fuss we used to make over the craze for colouring meerschaum pipes. Then came the calabash, or gourd pipe, which coloured more quickly. Not so very long ago every tobaccoist kept clay pipes—both cutties and churchwardens. A lot stocked "Jacobs"—clays with bowls fashioned as bearded, turbaned heads, in which the face was the first part to colour.

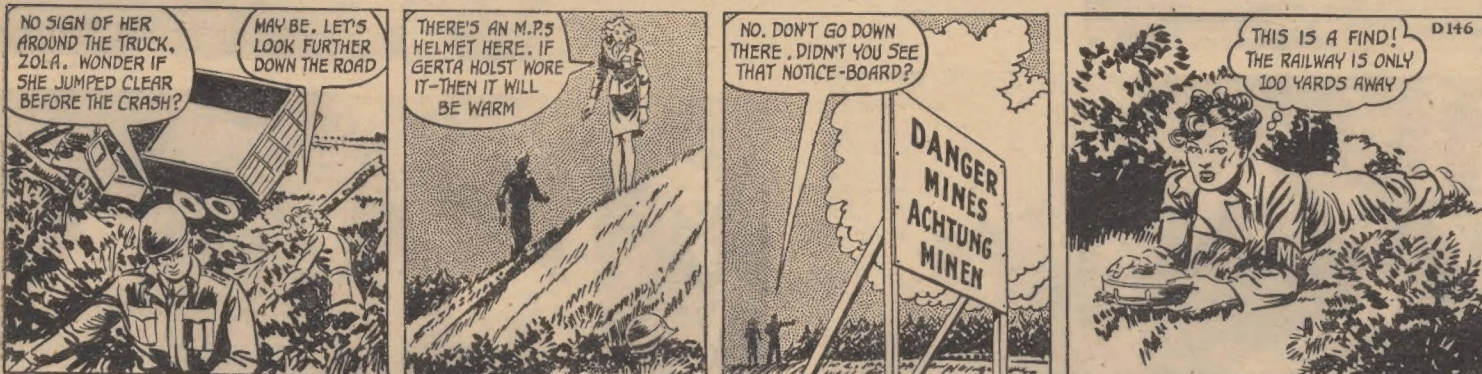
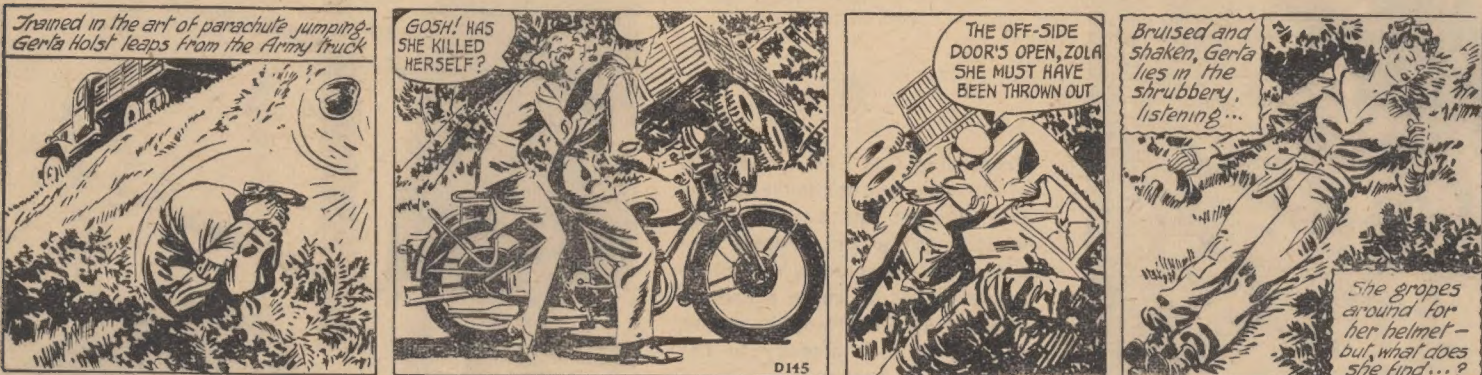
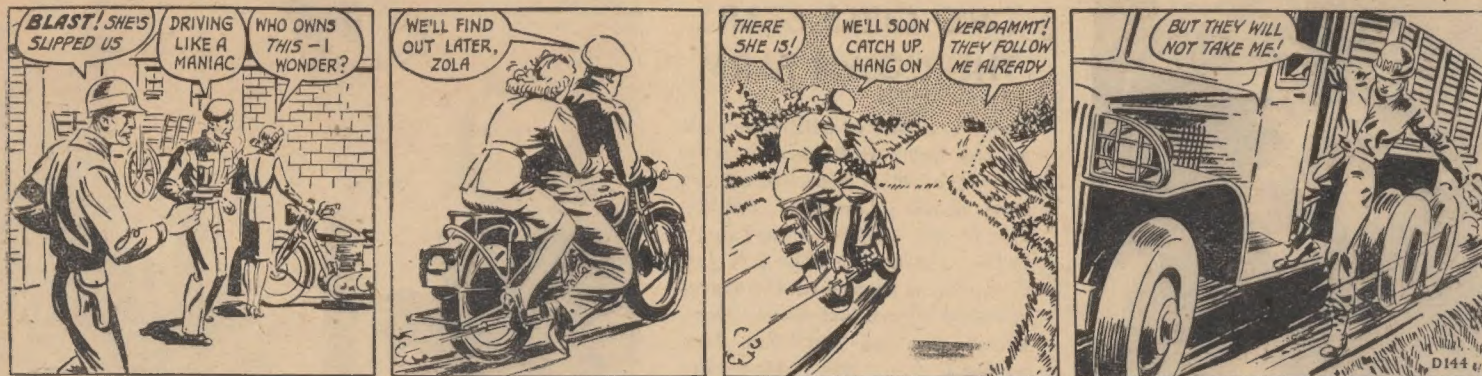
Clays came in during the Great Plague; the fumes were supposed to keep infection at bay. They went out with the arrival of machine-made pipes.

Maurice Bensley

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. ALL DONE WITH A RULER. A ruler was used to draw all sketches here. If free-hand drawing is beyond your ability, this is the plate for you. All are easy to construct, surely you have a ruler—go on! have a crack at 'em!



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE old question who invented the postage stamp has cropped up again, this time thanks to Ripley, who gave the honour to Sir Henry Bessemer in his newspaper feature "Believe It Or Not." Ignorant readers who supposed that the honour went to Sir Rowland Hill wrote in and protested. The matter was then referred to the Library of Congress, who replied as follows:—

"We have consulted the volume entitled 'Sir Henry Bessemer, F.R.S.: An Autobiography' and have found that in 1883 Bessemer invented a method of taking copies from basso-reliefs that enabled him to stamp them on cardboard, thus producing thousands of embossed copies at a small cost.



The facility with which he could make a permanent die, even from a thin paper original, made him realise that there was not a Government stamp that could not be forged in a few minutes by an unscrupulous person; and he began to consider whether a new sort of stamp could be devised which could not be forged.

"The result was a stamp of a circular design, about 2 1/2 in. in diameter, and consisted of the Garter, with the motto in capital letters surrounded by a crown. Within the Garter was a shield, with the words 'Five Pounds,' and the space between the shield and the Garter was filled with perforations in imitation of lace.

"The Stamp Office authorities were greatly pleased with the new design and decided to accept it, and offered Bessemer the position of superintendent of stamps in lieu of a monetary award from the Treasury.



"When he showed his fiancée his new parchment stamp and explained how it could not be removed from the parchment and used again, she answered: 'Surely, if all the stamps had a date put on them, they could not at a future time be used again without detection.'

"When he realised the truth of this statement and considered that movable dates were possible by drilling holes in the steel die then in use and fitting into each a steel plug or type with sunk figures engraved on the ends, he felt bound to notify the Stamp Office of this simple and efficient device.

"Needless to say, the new scheme was preferred to inaugurating the more elaborate plan which Bessemer had devised, and he was informed that no new superintendent of stamps would be needed because the old dies, old presses and old workmen could be employed, and the changes involved would be slight.

"Bessemer never received any compensation of any kind, and he declared that the secret of his first invention had been carefully guarded. . . .

I am afraid Sir Henry kept it all too secret—even from Sir Rowland Hill—and the story doesn't carry conviction. There have been other claimants to the invention of the "adhesive postage label," but Sir Rowland Hill still gets the credit from the general public and philatelists alike.

Illustrated in this column is an Egyptian commemorative for the 25th birthday of King Farouk; and three Monaco charity stamps from a series depicting episodes in the life of St. Devote (the country's patron saint), these showing the trial scene, the procession from St. Nicholas's Church, and the arrival of St. Devote at Monaco.



Good Morning

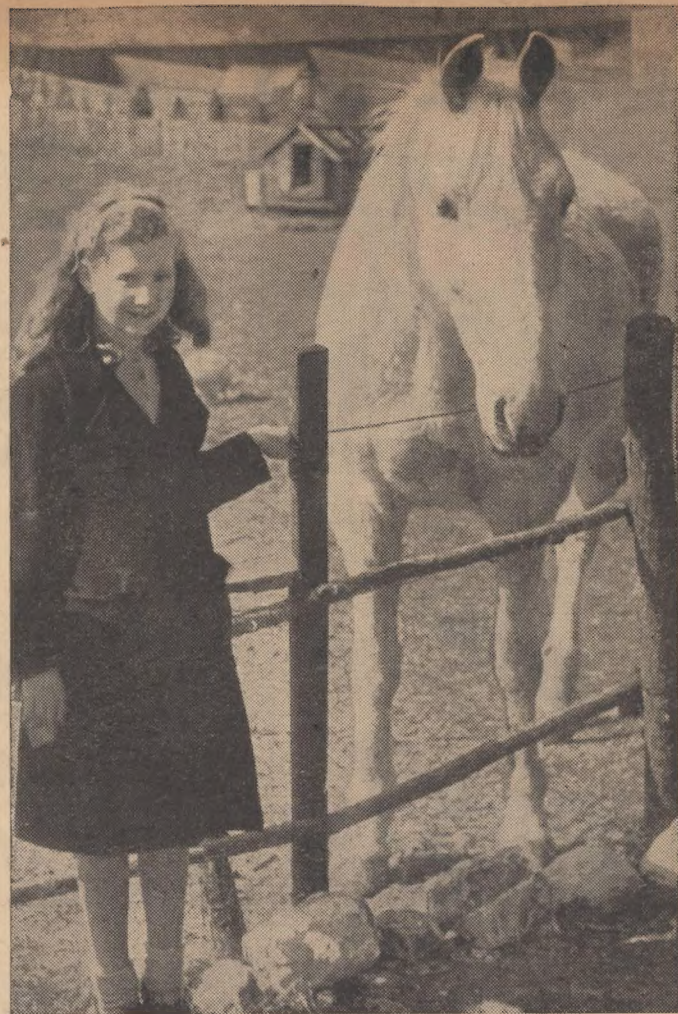


ANSWERING THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL, TWO GIRLS START THEIR OWN FARM

There's no lack of willing helpers on the farm at Purley, Surrey, started by Miss Nina Pound and Miss Hjordia Longden. All the kids in the neighbourhood seem to lend a hand. On the left you see some of them with the scarecrow they have just made. Now, where did we see that face before? Of course! How silly of us — it's the spit and image of the Editor!



Presenting Gay Lad, the horse-of-all-work about the farm. Gay Lad doesn't quite understand what's going on around the place, for, some days, when he's ready to get down to a spot of collar work, he'll find, like as not, a gang of kids already in the shafts.



There we are! What did we tell you? Here's an example of the sort of thing that's always happening. The gang's beaten Gay Lad to it again, and are hauling home the pea-sticks themselves. Not that any horse would really mind, you understand, but it's disconcerting — that's what it is.



Nothing is ever wasted on this farm. The girls cleared the land themselves and sold the wood for firewood. A couple of young lumbermen sawing logs which showed quite a handsome profit last winter.



A family group taken on the farm. Reading from left to right. (Front row): Brian with Thysbe, Titania and Helena. (Back Row): Miss Pound, Jenefer and Miss Longden.



Miss Longden, feeding the geese and ducks. The geese ignore her and continue to drink their bath water from an old bath-tub sunk specially for their benefit. If the Minister of Fuel and Power ever sees this picture, he should be gratified to notice that the geese patriotically limit their bath to five inches of water!